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usurps an altogether disproportionate place. Thus while the "eternal feminine"—and in crude forms which Gavarni, for one, repudiated—has been taking almost exclusive possession of French caricature, *Punch's* draughtsmen, from Leech to the latest recruits, have been treating a far larger range of subjects, mirroring, with at least equal skill, a more varied life.

Perhaps, however, while saying this, one may venture to make an adverse criticism. Leech had in him a strain of humour of the deepest and most serious kind. This very seldom found expression in his work for *Punch*. Mr. Spielmann reproduces a picture—how well I remember its appearance and the comments it called forth!—showing two women standing in the pitiless rain, at 12 o'clock at night, and one asks the other how long she has been "gay." Then there is the famous cartoon of General Fœvrier placing his skeleton hand on the Czar Nicholas's breast; and earlier, I could quote several more conceived in the same vein of humorous tragedy. But it was a vein which Leech clearly received no encouragement to work. Tradition has it that his sketch of the "gay" women only slipped out to the public through the editorial hands during a temporary absence of Mark Lemon. And where Leech was suppressed others had no chance. Only Sir John Tenniel, with his fine poetic art, his superb faculty for giving pictorial expression to some profound national feeling, has succeeded in inducing successive editors to publish works that stir as well as works that please. Otherwise, with pencil as with pen, and more and more as the years have passed, *Punch* has sought to enliven and make gay, to raise a laugh or a smile at some passing folly, to brighten us all with quip and crank, either written or drawn: in a word, his mission has been to amuse.

"And no ignoble mission either," the reader will probably rejoin. Nor shall I say nay. When one thinks of the amount of innocent pleasure that *Punch* has given during its fifty-four years of life: its mistakes how few, its mirth how sound and healthy, its wit how seemingly exhaustless, its art—the art of Leech, Tenniel, Keene, Du Maurier, Phil May—how admirable, one feels a sort of national pride in the little hunchback. It was fitting that the paper should have its historian—its official historian, as one may almost say; for Mr. Spielmann has evidently had access to archives and accounts that a journal, professedly anonymous, usually keeps hidden. Of how many other papers should we care to know in what manner they were conceived and born, what were their early difficulties, when such and such a writer or draughtsman joined the staff, when and how the staff met to discuss their weekly "output" of literature and art, in what proportion they each contributed? But with regard to *Punch* all such information is interesting. Though Mr. Spielmann's arrangement involves repetition, we follow him without fatigue. It is a goodly company to which he introduces us, and he does so with tact and good taste.

Nor is he a praiser of the old time gone to its account, a praiser of the old at the

expense of the new. For him *Punch* is almost less of the past than of the present and future. The great names of Thackeray and Leech, of Douglas Jerrold and the older A'Beckett, and Doyle and Shirley Brooks, of all the men of an earlier generation who built up the fame of the paper—these do not overawe him. He even doubts—and what a loss that doubt suggests of most genuine unforced humour, and of design instinct with life! he even doubts the almost blasphemous doubt whether Leech, if now presenting himself as an applicant for employment, would be held to reach the required standard of draughtsmanship.

As an antidote, if such be required, to this comparative enthusiasm for the present, it is well to take up Mr. Athol Mayhew's *Jorum of Punch*. When a set of impetuous fellows, mostly young and very nimble-witted, meet together, at taverns and elsewhere, for the purpose of discussing things in general, and out of their confabulations issue a comic journal, it must necessarily be somewhat difficult to apportion accurately to each projector his exact share of suggestion. That Henry Mayhew had an immense part in projecting and starting *Punch*, and fanning its first flicker into flame, is clear from the dispassionate and careful narrative of Mr. Spielmann. And as that part had been rudely questioned and denied, it was quite natural that Henry Mayhew's son should vindicate his father's titles. But the interest of the *Jorum of Punch*, for me at least, does not lie in the discussion of *Punch's* paternity. It lies rather in the spirit of the book. Mr. Athol Mayhew is, if he will let me say so, a pleasant survival. For him the later writers on *Punch* are "white-kid gentry, who, when the little jester was firmly on his legs, honoured him by contributing some excessively dull matter." They are too staid, too proper, too respectable. His heart is with the Bohemians of the thirties and forties—men who led a merry, madcap life, and frequented taverns instead of clubs, and went to bed in the small hours, and had difficulties, little and great, with their creditors, and played practical jokes upon one another, and saw without surprise Thackeray giving Douglas Jerrold a back at leap-frog. Nay, so entirely is Mr. Athol Mayhew of the past that he extols the earlier draughtsmen of *Punch* at the expense of the moderns, calling them "thinkers as well as draughtsmen," and men who "were not content to let mere deftness of drawing stand for humorous art" and even though (I admit) with reserve, belauding Kenny Meadows.

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Dissertations on Subjects connected with the Incarnation. By Charles Gore, Canon of Westminster. (John Murray.)

THIS work is a candid and thoughtful appeal to the orthodox to reconsider, not, indeed, their traditional statement, but—what is of greater moment—their traditional understanding, of the fact of the Incarnation. "Very God and very man" run the Creeds. How, then, reconcile the limitations of knowledge and power and goodness, which are of the essence of humanity, with the omniscience, the almightiness, the infinite goodness of God? How can both sets of predicates be united in one subject? The Church Catholic, so far back as its speculations on the matter can be traced, has always answered that Jesus was the union of the two natures, of the Divine and the human, and could at will pass from the one to the other. The recorded sayings and utterances of Jesus are to be distributed to the two natures. He was man when He asked where Lazarus lay, and shed tears of human sorrow. He was God when, a few moments later, He raised Lazarus from the dead. Not only so, but from an early date orthodox writers tended to lose sight of Christ's humanity altogether.

"His own Divine nature was subjected (in the sensible man Jesus) to no change: He was not fettered to the necessities of the body which He assumed. He was not involved, as is a man's soul, in his body, so as not to be able to operate divinely in the whole universe."

The words are those of Eusebius, and they reflect the tone of all orthodox speculation from Irenaeus down to John Henry Newman.

Yet, if Jesus' consciousness was fully Divine, how could He declare Himself—the Son of God—to be, like the angels, ignorant of the day and hour of His second coming? How could He cry on the cross, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" How could He hunger and thirst, be tempted, and in any real sense overcome temptation? The orthodox Fathers found no way out of it but to declare that the Gospels do not mean what they say. Jesus' ignorance was only pretended or "economic"; His human nature even was only "assumed" as a veil, a cloak, as many held, to deceive the Devil.

"Anti-Arian theology [writes Canon Gore, p. 130] shows a rapid tendency to withdraw the admission of a human ignorance. . . . Hilary, Ambrose, and Jerome led the way in the West with the doctrine of our Lord's 'economic' ignorance: the doctrine, that is, that our Lord knew, but represented Himself as ignorant for purposes of edification. . . . St. Augustine seems to have regarded any belief in our Lord's actual human ignorance as heretical."

Almost with contempt Canon Gore brushes away the time-worn conclusions of orthodox theology.

"Up to the time of His death [he writes, p. 87] He lived and taught, He thought and was inspired and was tempted, as true and proper man, under the limitations of consciousness which alone make possible a really human experience. Of this part of our heritage we must not allow ourselves to be robbed by being wise 'above that which is written.'"

What, then, in Canon Gore's view, becomes of the Divinity of Jesus Christ? Here

he falls back on the idea of a self-emptying of the Divine nature, of a *kenosis*. The Word—which was also God—in becoming flesh laid its Divine attributes aside; God emptied Himself of His Godhead for the space of three and thirty years, He beggared and humiliated Himself. There was, insists Canon Gore (p. 206), "a real abandonment on the part of the Eternal Son, in becoming incarnate, of Divine prerogatives inconsistent with a proper human experience."

But surely if, and for so long as, the Son really abandoned His Divine attributes, He *pro tanto* ceased to be God; and then what becomes of the formula, "Very God and very man"? No one, not even God himself, can do what is unthinkable: can part with his nature, to wit, and yet keep it. We have, moreover, in the New Testament itself* the assurance that the "cosmic functions" of the Word, its energies as creating and sustaining the universe, were not interrupted during its *ἐπιδημία*, or sojourn on earth. "An absolute *†* *κένωσις*," says Canon Gore (p. 91) "is not affirmed in the New Testament." Yet what else is "a real abandonment" than absolute *κένωσις*? What else would be the "real 'forgetting' or abandoning within the human sphere of His own Divine point of view and mode of consciousness" (p. 219)? Canon Gore betrays his profound sense that here are two conceptions which cannot be held together in thought, by his appeal to others not to juxtapose them.

"We must not, then, disturb or destroy the picture of the incarnate state which they [i.e., the apostolic writers] give us in Gospels and Epistles, by bringing the absolute Divine state of the Son *side by side* with the picture of His humiliation" [p. 206, cp. p. 105].

Do we then rid ourselves of a contradiction in terms by keeping apart or relegating to different spheres *†* the mutually repugnant alternatives? Is there not something to be said for the Unitarians who, weary of the insincere and unreal exegesis of the orthodox Fathers, have let the one term go, and have kept the other, which for them, as for Canon Gore, is of supreme necessity—the affirmation, namely, of the simple humanity of Jesus? As he well puts it "The language of the New Testament is much more full and clear on the fact of the human limitations than on the permanence of the cosmic functions."

Canon Gore is almost reluctant to admit at all that Jesus was "perfect God" during His life, and his reluctance is betrayed in such a sentence as the following (p. 105):

"Only as there is real reason to believe that the apostolic writers *did* contemplate the continuance of the cosmic functions of the Word, and as the thought of the Church has found

* See John Ev. i.; Colos. i. 17; Heb. i. 3.

† The italics in citations of Canon Gore's book are throughout the reviewer's.

† P. 105: It gives an unnatural meaning—if meaning at all—to such a fact as our Lord's cry of desolation upon the cross, if *within the sphere* where that cry was uttered He was personally living in the exercise of the beatific vision (cp. p. 206). Canon Gore does not seem to see that in thus relegating the omniscient Godhead and the limited manhood to "different spheres" he allows not merely a judicial separation, but an absolute divorce between them.

it impossible to conceive the opposite, it is right to explain that the real *κένωσις* within the sphere of the Incarnation must be held compatible with the exercise of Divine functions in another sphere."

But in the above Canon Gore comes very near to falling into the most flagrant of early heresies. It is not surprising that he writes (p. 202) that "the great bulk of the language of ecclesiastical writers is, it is true, against us." It is, indeed, a very thin thread by which in his speculations the God and the man in Christ hang together. In fact, we have in the life of every self-conscious, and as such alone real, being an example of such *κένωσις* as Canon Gore posits in the case of Jesus Christ. We are all of us participants in a Self which knows and wills universally: only as such do we emerge from nature and rise to the level of science and morality. It is true of each of us that God, the eternal will and self-consciousness, has in a mysterious manner associated Himself with, and communicated Himself to, a fragment of the whole. How else can we conceive of the existence of man, of self-conscious spirit, save as "a real 'forgetting' or abandoning (by God) within the human sphere of His own Divine point of view and mode of consciousness"? It seems to me that Canon Gore frames no definition of the Incarnate Word which is not equally applicable to humanity at large.

While insisting on the human limitations of Jesus, Canon Gore yet holds (p. 96) that he was sinless and infallible. He therefore regards the question, "Why callest thou Me good?" as one asked by the Lord "of the young man to test his motives and principles." Yet we read (Mark x. 18) that Jesus added, "None is good save one, even God." Surely, in his somewhat facile exegesis of this passage, Canon Gore falls under his own censure as expressed on p. 202:

"Ecclesiastical writers . . . have at best but taken particular texts and explained them away in the light of an *a priori* assumption as to the effect of the Godhead on the manhood."

τὸ μὲν γὰρ μηδὲν συνόλωσ ἀμαρτεῖν ἴδιον θεοῦ, τάχα δὲ καὶ θεῶν ἀνδρῶς, says Philo (ii. 405), who also elsewhere (i. 563) declares that "perfect sinlessness belongs only to the most holy Word, our stainless high priest." It is clear that the phrase "without sin" was given to Jesus as part of the Logos scheme, already worked out and formulated among the Greek Jews. The historical Jesus never put forward such a claim. Equally unconvincing is Canon Gore's attempt to prove that Jesus claimed to be infallible, because he said: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away" (Matt. xxiv. 35). If we mark the context of these words—and they follow an apocalyptic picture of the end of the world—we see that in them Jesus merely insists on the fact that the ending of the world will really be such as He has just foretold. Canon Gore's exegesis is all the more unfortunate, because in the very verse which precedes Jesus says: "Verily, I say unto you, this generation shall not pass away till all these things be accomplished." And what were all these things? Verses 29-31 detail them. "The sun shall be darkened,

and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven . . . and they shall see the Son of man coming on the clouds of heaven." Nearly nineteen centuries have elapsed since Jesus predicted—what Paul and others believed—that "this generation shall not pass away till all these things be accomplished"; and yet none of them have come to pass. Is there, then, any passage in the New Testament which so clearly proves as this one that Jesus was not infallible in all His utterances; unless, indeed, it be those frequent ones in which Jesus bears witness that He was immersed in the demonological beliefs of His age and country?

For Canon Gore's remarks on the latter point in his essay on "The Virgin Birth of Our Lord" (which we have now no space left to criticise), are barely satisfactory. The Demons were more than "evil thoughts" which "come to us, though alien from all our convictions and all our sympathies." Such thoughts are part of ourselves, and we are responsible for them. But fever-demons* and devils, which passed from the Gadarene maniac into the bodies of swine, were not "evil thoughts," still less "doubts about the very existence of God or about the authority of Christ," and so forth. And when Canon Gore quotes Dr. Dale to us in proof that they were, he almost trifles with our intelligence.

But I have said enough. Canon Gore has written a thoroughly stimulating book, which will force many to think who never thought before. It is learned, yet not dry or dull. For it is stamped throughout with the individuality of the writer. It is candid and thoughtful, and eloquent with the eloquence of intense earnestness and single-minded devotion to truth.

F. C. CONYBEARE.

In a Walled Garden. By Bessie Rayner Belloc. (Ward & Downey.)

THERE are two things connected with this book which, in addition to its intrinsic merits, specially evoke our sympathies: the sincerity and piety of the writer, now somewhat advanced in years; and the quiet calm of the book itself—the old-world air of which reminds one of the letters, in a thin and dainty angular hand, which gentle ladies used to write some thirty or forty years ago.

The book is a collection of papers contributed from time to time to various periodicals. It contains pleasing reminiscences of George Eliot, of Joseph Priestley—who was Mme. Belloc's maternal great-grandfather—of Mary Howitt, and of Lady Georgina Fullerton, whose *Grantly Manor* gained the praises of Henry Greville and of Gladstone, and made the eyes of Harriet Martineau red with crying. How many of the present generation, who go into the lending libraries seeking after some new thing, have ever read that admirable work?

"God Almighty," says Bacon, "first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of all earthly pleasures." Under the mulberry trees of an old garden our author,

as she tells us, has looked over old letters, and revisited the old scenes of her youth. Her life has been more varied and more interesting than those of most mortals; and she has been intimately acquainted with many lights in English literature, among whom shines for all time the author of *Middlemarch*.

It is interesting to notice that, although at the time when *Middlemarch* was published, many tributes had been paid by contemporary reviewers to the master genius of Mary Ann Evans, her almost supreme position in literature was not even then fully recognised. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* of 1873 pronounced George Eliot to have been "dwarfed and shadowed by the long shadow of her predecessor" (Sir Walter Scott). No one who pretended to have any fitness for criticism would make such a statement now; for it is known beyond yea or nay that the genius of our great female novelist is not dwarfed and shadowed by the greatness of anyone who came before her. In clear insight through all the heights and depths and mysterious windings of the human mind, she may be compared with Shakspeare or with Thackeray; she is above all other English writers of fiction, past and present. And this should be a warning to contemporary critics to ponder well before pronouncing judgment, lest time—the hoary sinner—may be laughing at them while they write.

In 1850, Mme. Belloc, then a girl of one-and-twenty, was taken to make the acquaintance of Miss Evans. At that time the great novelist was known only as a very learned person, who had mastered many languages, ancient and modern, and who wrote articles in a first-class quarterly. Literary women were not then so common as they are to-day, and we are told with what respect Miss Evans was regarded by her young visitor:

"Not Abelard in all his glory, nor the veritable Isaac Casaubon of French Huguenot fame, not Spinoza in Holland or Porson in England, seemed, to my young imagination, more astonishing than this woman. . . ."

Unfortunately no record of the conversation was kept at the time, and we are told that it has been completely forgotten.

Contrary to the general belief of those who only judge of George Eliot's personal appearance by the very imperfect portraits that have been left to us, she did possess, we are told, some outward beauty: the loveliness of her mind must have somehow reflected itself upon her bodily form. The young visitor looked upon her reverently, "and noticed her extraordinary quantity of beautiful brown hair (always to the last a great charm)." Her face is described as

"not in any sense unpleasing, noble in general outline, and very sweet and kind in expression. Her height was good, her figure remarkably supple, having at moments an almost serpentine grace."

Such external graces, when united with "a mind that envy could not call but fair," must have appeared more lovely even than greater outward loveliness in an ordinary woman. It is pleasant to think thus of her who has created Dorothea.

The chapter upon George Eliot contains the following remarkable passage:

"And this brings me to the one mystery which I have ever felt quite unable to solve. That George Eliot should have chosen her own path and created in her own mind a moral code which covered her action—that I can understand. It would be unjust to judge her by a Christian law which she repudiated. But why, in the exercise of this amount of moral liberty, she should have idealised and finally worshipped Mr. Lewes, is one of those problems before which those who know the inner wheels of London life in the Fifties may well stand confounded."

Hints are here given that the true character of Mr. Lewes may not have been so perfect as the fond imagination of a loving woman misdeemed it. But no publication in the future, of what it were perhaps best reverently to conceal, will, so far as George Eliot is concerned, prove anything except the loyal devotion of true womanliness. "Love covereth a multitude of sins"; nor is there in the whole matter any mystery, save the eternal mystery of love.

It is noticed at the beginning of this chapter that nearly all the elaborate criticisms on George Eliot's work have been written by men. The remark is unfortunate, because it leads the reader to expect something more valuable, from a critical point of view, than what is given. The writer's mind is so utterly unlike that of the great novelist as to render a good appreciation impossible—the one is as intense and narrow as the other is diffuse and broad. It is this fact which makes Mme. Belloc unable to understand how there could be any resemblance between the characters of Dorothea and of St. Theresa; "because the latter was a cloistered nun, whose work was not outwardly practical, but spiritual, and, further, because she possessed a faith which George Eliot denied." As if disbelief in the Christian dogmas at once puts an end to all spirituality. Dorothea is the most saint-like, the most spiritual, and the most beautiful creation in all fiction. Her great resolve in marrying Casaubon was not merely "to help a man to finish a big book," any more than that of St. Theresa was to effect the building of a big house for nuns to inhabit. There was an underlying nobility and a spark of greatness in the character of poor Casaubon. "The Key to All the Mythologies" is, after all, what philosophy has been striving after for all time. In the greatness of the idea, Dorothea blinded herself to the feebleness of the agent.

The narrative of "Joseph Priestley in Domestic Life," among much that is interesting, gives one cause for profound gratitude. After many years, the old story of that pink of veracity, George Washington, of the pear tree and of the hatchet, has been put completely in the shade by the following incident in the youth of Priestley. It is given in his own words:

"It is little that I can recollect of my mother. I remember that she was careful to teach me the Assembly's Catechism, and to give me the best instruction the little time that I was at home. Once, in particular, when I was playing with a pin, she asked me where I got

* See Luke iv. 39.

it; and on my telling her that I found it at my uncle's, who lived very near to my father's (*sic*), and where I had been playing with my cousins, she made me carry it back again; no doubt to impress my mind, as it could not fail to do, with the clear idea of the distinction of property, and of the importance of attending to it."

The story of Priestley's domestic life is powerfully and dramatically told. He was one of those rare natures which neither prosperity nor adversity could spoil. He was a great intellectual force in his own time, of whom certain French savants declared that they had never known a man of such superior understanding who believed in Christianity.

Particularly worthy of notice is the interesting chapter on the Franco-German war. The pen of a writer cannot be more usefully employed than in the revelation of the horrible realities of war.

"War between two highly civilised nations is not only cruel, but profoundly shocking; and yet ever since the world's literature began there has existed a conspiracy of silence in favour of recording only the heroic aspects of war."

"Ce n'est plus dans nos mœurs!" said the masses of thrifty, quiet, provincial French people, on experiencing "the dirt and destruction, and the many abominable incidents of war."

I have closed this dainty and attractive volume with feelings of gratitude for the gentle and kindly lady who has permitted me to wander through her walled garden. Many others will doubtless take advantage of the same privilege.

GEORGE NEWCOMEN.

A Lady of England: The Life and Letters of Charlotte Maria Tucker. By Agnes Giberne. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE Life of A. L. O. E. is the record of a character remarkable alike for its many vigorous impulses or instincts, and its acquired strength in self-conquest and self-devotion. Charlotte Maria Tucker, though always religious and affectionate, was naturally a woman of many-sided vivacity, with keen likes and dislikes, wanting in tact, fond of her own way, not domestic, and personally ambitious. She schooled herself to become an almost model daughter and sister, a useful religious writer, a modest philanthropist, and finally a missionary with a unique and wholly beautiful influence. One result of this complexity is, naturally, a certain divergence in opinion concerning her particular characteristics. To some, for instance, she seemed to be charmingly sympathetic, to others almost exactly the reverse; the fact being, that she could never accommodate herself to certain natures, and, with the best intentions, would irritate those who irritated her.

She sometimes offended by actual kindness; and it is related that on one occasion, having brought her guitar, she would sit and play to a friend who was suffering from a nervous headache, in spite of hints to desist. Miss Tucker supposed that these were prompted by a desire to save her trouble. On the other hand, she won the heart of a young girl who was copying

music on Sunday by the gentle reproof: "People have different ideas about occupations for Sundays; I, for instance, would not copy music on a Sunday."

Her early life is comparatively uneventful; but there is remarkable evidence of strength of character in the simple cheerfulness with which she, who was so self-reliant and eager, accepted her parents' ruling even in matters usually considered entirely personal. She would not, of course, have acted against her conscience had they demanded it; but she did control her desires for active philanthropy and conform to certain feminine ideals not her own. As quite a girl she had written both farces and tragedies, probably dreaming of future literary fame; and she never lost her love of fun or her intellectual vigour; but a strong vein of piety soon governed her nature, and the practical uses to which she put her pen were entirely didactic. It is probable that had she preached less her readers would have profited more. But it was when death had released her from these filial duties, and scourged her ardent spirit with other losses of those she best loved, that the life of Charlotte Tucker really began. When she was over fifty, and could still make higher springs in the gavotte than her own pet nieces and nephews (!) she decided to go out as a missionary to India, where several members of her family had worked and died.

It is somewhat difficult to speak briefly of those eighteen years of cheerful and devoted labour, of which the significance lies largely in detail. The record of baptisms and confirmations, of zenanas visited, schools founded, and fellow missionaries invalidated or married, is made up of small lights and shadows, quiet rejoicings over something achieved, and sadness at the failures and the boundless fields untouched. Without having gained complete tactfulness, Miss Tucker had now clearly widened in sympathy, and her presence was felt by all to be at once their sunshine and their support. She carried her early sprightliness and energy into the work, which gave her new vitality, and led her, at the age of fifty-eight, to "realise the value of life below." Ever impressed with the seriousness of her high calling, she yet delighted in funny stories, and, doubtless, supplied a felt want by her child-like enjoyment in all games and ready humour. Here, for instance, is an account of methods for scaring robbers, as bright as it is really brave:

"Herbert is to lend me his revolver, loaded, and we are to take care that every one knows that I have the formidable weapon; but no one but ourselves is to know that I would on no account hurt any one with it. On the next alarm of robbers I am to jump up and fire at the trees or the stars. The report will probably awake Herbert, who has a rifle . . . robbers, if such there be, will doubtless dread my prowess, not knowing how peculiarly peaceable I am, and that I would prefer being shot myself to shooting another! I am to have a very determined look; and we have all tutored each other not to laugh! Herbert and Nellie have some fun in them, but they are to look as grave as judges, as if Miss Sahiba were a dead shot; especially on a very dark night, when there is no moon! Have I not spectacles?"

Charlotte Tucker had certain fads and prejudices, her impulsive nature still gave her trouble, and she was considered peculiarly unwise in her eagerness to copy native manners and costumes. But her heart was open to all the missionary "Miss Sahibas," and their male comrades, her "nephews"; and she cherished especially the "little brown boys" of the High School at Batala who, to her great pride, utterly vanquished the government school-boys in cricket. She evinced great ingenuity in contriving attractive toys and articles of bric-a-brac to please the "bibis" and their children, by whom she was loved and admired. To the other ladies of the mission she was at once a chaperon, a mother, a substitute in times of illness, and a servant always. Amid these numerous duties, carried out faithfully for eighteen years without a single furlough and with scarcely any holidays, she found time to write a large number of tiny Indian booklets, which were translated into the different dialects, and sold by thousands.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of her extraordinary vivaciousness and pluck is recorded in the following letter, written, it should be noticed, at the age of sixty-eight:

"I must give you good news. Another sheaf laid, by God's grace, on our mission plough. A nice, gentlemanly young Brahmin from that school, K. K., openly received baptism in the large church last Sunday. As notice had been given to his family, there was such a tamasha as I had never seen in Batala before. Crowds gathered behind the extemporary barricade to divide off the heathen in the church—line above line of turbaned heads; and the doors were thronged. Without exaggeration, there must have been at least 200 persons besides us Christians. R. C., K. B., and A. B. (all converts) made very dashing extemporary policemen to keep the Hindus from swarming in. The font was very near the sort of barricade; so our young candidate had to face the crowd—among them one or two angry members of his family—at the distance of only about two yards; but he bore himself like a hero, giving all his answers in a clear, distinct tone. The most exciting part was getting our lad out of the church and safe off! The Hindus tried to stop and make the horse back; our boys pushed on with energy, and at last the tum-tum was off and away. I would not have missed the scene for something."

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

NEW NOVELS.

The British Barbarians. By Grant Allen. (John Lane.)

The Doomsdayman. By Mrs. Gertrude Atherton. (Hutchinson.)

Wild Rose. By Francis Francis. (Macmillans.)

The Renegade. By James Chalmers. (Innes.)
Nema; and Other Stories. By Hedley Peek. (Chapman & Hall.)

Dr. Fitzsimonds's Sweethearts. By Gervas Williams. (John Macqueen.)

Among the Gnomes. By Dr. Franz Hartmann. (Fisher Unwin.)

The Lady in Grey. By George Ohnet. Translated by D. Havelock Fisher. (Tower Publishing Company.)

The British Barbarians, the second novel that Mr. Grant Allen admittedly has written

after his own heart, is not a book to be dismissed lightly. The opening paragraph of the Introduction, "which every reader . . . is requested to read before beginning the story," makes this sufficiently clear: "This is a Hill-top Novel. I dedicate it to all who have brain enough, heart enough, and soul enough to understand it." Doubtless, with intent, the author lays emphasis on the word "enough," which, as here employed, has a somewhat strained significance. It is, therefore, not without a sense of grave responsibility that one proceeds with an Introduction thus strangely commenced. Briefly summarised, Mr. Grant Allen's position, as explained by himself, is something like this. He has a message to proclaim to a perverse generation, and meanwhile he must live by his pen; magazine editors are timid and pusillanimous, they will not publish the stories which Mr. Allen calls really his own; hence, as it is from serial rights that an author derives three-fourths of his income, Mr. Allen, sorely against his will, has been obliged to provide food for babes when he was burning to give hill-top nourishment to men and women. Although he has not yet found an editor to assist him in the promulgation of his theories, Mr. Allen has come upon a mountain—in this case Mr. John Lane, the publisher—whence he can proclaim his message. Accordingly, he will now continue to hold forth from some such desirable vantage point so long as he has listeners, notwithstanding that considerable monetary loss is thereby involved. Henceforth those who wish to learn more of what Mr. Allen believes profoundly, and preaches so clamantly, must read those novels which bear the trade-mark "Hill-top." The second volume of this series, whatever be its faults, is not wanting in breadth of scope. A mysterious being—the word is used advisedly, for he is no man—drops suddenly into the serene and aristocratic village of Brackenhurst. It rapidly becomes evident that the Alien has a considerable acquaintance with the prejudices and fetishes of various times and peoples, and that one of his objects is to enhance his knowledge of the like in England, where so-called civilisation has developed these things to a degree unknown elsewhere. But the bent of Bertram Ingledew's mind is not wholly scientific: he, like his creator, has breathed the ozone of the hills, and has a message to deliver. From a mild protest against our "unreasonable and illogical" coinage, he proceeds to arraign a host of what he is pleased to call "taboos." Respectability, Sunday observance, the game laws, mourning, patriotism, and finally marriage and the relation between the sexes—these are only a few out of many subjects upon which this professor of taboo discourses. The end of it is, that after having converted Frida, the wife of Robert Monteith, to his own views, he elopes with her. Monteith, a highly respectable Brackenhurst householder, strongly resents the new doctrines, and thinks to dispose summarily of Bertram by means of a pistol shot; but he succeeds only in dissipating, as a blue flame, this shadowy personage into the

twenty-fifth century, whence he had come. There can be no doubt that Mr. Grant Allen is sincere in what he here expounds, and if for no other reason, *The British Barbarians* at least deserves consideration. Possibly the needlessly long and colourless disquisitions of Bertram Ingledew may fulfil the paramount aim of the writer: namely, to stimulate thought in the minds of some women and girls. It must, however, be confessed that the book is weak as an essay, because it does not face the difficulties with which it professes to deal; and weak as a romance, because the characters lack verisimilitude and actuality.

A book such as *The Doomsdwoman* comes as a relief after Mr. Grant Allen's sermon-novel. If here, too, there is a message, it is the message which, though hidden, is inseparable from the artistic presentation of all human thought and emotion: one, moreover, which each reader can take or leave as he pleases. Mrs. Atherton is best known to the English public as the writer of *What Dreams May Come*, *Hermia*, and a book somewhat akin to the one under consideration, *Los Cerritos*. The present volume must be regarded rather as a clever picture of grandee life and manners in the California of fifty years ago—that is, immediately prior to the annexation of the province by the States, than as a novel wherein the study of character plays a principal part. Mrs. Atherton, in a word, seems to me weaker in the delineation of character than in her presentation of scenic background. Her personages lack the subtle touch that makes them convincingly human; the situations savour of the melodramatic, and the pitch throughout is too high. Notwithstanding this, the two central figures—Chonita, the Doomsdwoman, and Diego, her lover—are drawn with genuine force and insight. For the rest, the intrigues of the rival families of Iturbi y Moncada and Estenega, to which they belong, are skillfully manipulated to enhance the interest of the story, while the author's experience of rancho life in the West stands her in good stead in her graphic descriptions of Old California. This story unquestionably has the distinctive merit of sustained interest, so that the most exigent of novel readers will not be disappointed.

Tales of the Mexican frontier are so numerous, and bear so close a resemblance the one to the other, that it is not without a certain misgiving the critic takes up Mr. Francis Francis's latest effort, *Wild Rose*. The title comes from the sobriquet of the heroine, Rose Carlin, a young woman who has "got whole tracts of feelings and opinions vat she keeps fenced in like." But the author of *Mosquito* unites the instincts of a sportsman to those of a romancist, and no disappointment is in store for the lover of adventure. The rough and reckless life of the gold seekers of Mexico, their fierce jealousies and summary methods of settling differences, explain in part the unquenchable thirst for blood which takes possession of the hero, Ned Chase, after his love has been spurned by Wild Rose. From this moment there is no lack of sanguinary episode and rapidly changing scenes, calcu-

lated to inflame the youthful imagination. Although not strikingly original, the plot is skilfully developed, and the characters, which are drawn with a firm hand, act in strict accordance with the requirements of romance. In one particular Mr. Francis has departed from the conventions of this type of book, for virtue is triumphant only in death. *Wild Rose* may be recommended as a stirring story of lawless life; for here the reader's credulity is not unduly taxed, and there is enough love-making to render the book welcome to those who demand something more than exciting scenes and hairbreadth escapes.

The Renegade is a right good drama of adventure: its tone is healthy, and its plot, if somewhat slender, carefully wrought. Though the scenes for the most part are laid in Scotland, there is no obtrusive use made of Scottish dialect. Mr. James Chalmers takes for his hero the personage known to history as Paul Jones, whose birth and circumstances are, however, adapted to the requirements of the story. The writer's facile pen invests the central figure with a halo of romance, and Paul's deeds are as dashing and foolhardy as the most ardent boy-reader can desire. *The Renegade* would gain in strength were the hero not quite so faultless, and were his manner of speaking less formal. Some of the scenes, notably that on board the *Serapis*, at the close of the sea-fight off Flamborough Head, are rather forced; but these natural exaggerations, after all, are minor faults in a book of this kind. Taken as a whole, *The Renegade* is not only eminently readable, but proves that Mr. Chalmers possesses many of the qualities indispensable to the genuine story-teller.

In what appears to be a quite unnecessary preface to *Nema, and Other Stories*, Mr. Hedley Peek says that the illustrations to accompany his text "represent not only the expressions, but very nearly the positions and attitudes of the characters as they appeared" to him at the time of writing. This may be interesting to Mr. Peek, though it seems irrelevant to the reader. The book is prettily got up, and Mr. C. E. Brock's illustrations in themselves are deserving of praise; but the text falls lamentably short of the expectation aroused by the preface. The six tales, alike in conception, treatment, and literary quality, are indifferently commonplace; while an effort such as "The Six Literary Babes," which presumably aims at wit, succeeds merely in being grotesque.

"Dr. Fitzsimonds's Sweethearts; or, the Adventures of an Affectionate Young Man." This is the name under which Mr. Gervas Williams publishes a book of 351 pages. The unattractive title in part prepares the reader for what is to follow. But here I need only concern myself to note the in-formulate plot, the inane conversations, the inconsequences, and, above all, the unpardonable liberties that are taken with the English language. "A crime she was guilty pretty often of" may be taken as indicative of the style. The drawing of one of the secondary characters, Lulu, is the only relief in this otherwise poor novel.

Occultism and modern science, as is well known, are not in entire accord; and those who are interested in the present controversy may with pleasure, and some degree of profit, follow Dr. Franz Hartmann in his fanciful travels *Among the Gnomes of the Untersberg*. The book, although at times prolix, is, on the whole, pleasantly written; and the quaint illustrations are well suited to the text. Sentences such as the following demand revision:

"Who, by a long course of scientifically training his imagination, had acquired such a degree of scientific scepticism that he always knew everything without taking the trouble of looking at it."

English admirers of M. George Ohnet will welcome the latest addition to the Tower Cosmopolitan Library. The volume appears under the title *The Lady in Grey*. I have not read the original, so can say nothing of the merits of Mr. D. Havelock Fisher's translation. It reads pleasantly, though renderings such as "it was going on for three months since James," &c., are to be deprecated.

FRANK RINDER.

GIFT BOOKS.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Illustrated by R. Anning Bell. With an Introduction by Israel Gollancz. (Dent.) As fairy-stories, old and new, are in fashion this Christmas, we make no apology for giving the place of honour to the fairy-story which Shakspeare wrote for us. Never before, we venture to say, has the story of Oberon and Titania, of Theseus and Hippolyta, of Bottom the Weaver, appeared in such a charming and appropriate setting. Fortunate indeed was that damsel for whom the editor condescended to drop the professor, and to talk as Hawthorne talked in his *Wonder Book*. Only less fortunate are they for whose benefit a parent, an uncle, or a godfather may be providentially guided, when he turns over the pile of dainty volumes on the bookseller's counter. While the Introduction of Mr. Gollancz—at once bright and informing—will take rank among the most successful attempts to make Shakspeare known to the young, Mr. Anning Bell's drawings deserve equal praise. In more serious and modern subjects we have sometimes thought that his ambition overleaped his performance. But here—in his fairies and his clowns, in his large groups, in his tail-pieces and ornamental borders—he is always at his very best. His facile pencil seems to have been inspired by his subject, so as to give the only worthy illustrations of "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*," with which we are acquainted.

Eric, Prince of Torlonia. By the Countess of Jersey, with Illustrations by Alice R. Woodward. (Macmillans.) *Maurice, or the Red Jar*, was a delightful story, but this is still better. It is simpler and less crowded, and the supernatural is introduced with greater skill. The conceptions of the Rose City, the Monkey Island, and the Valley of Wishes show a real imagination, and leave vivid and beautiful pictures on the memory. The story is also full of human interest; and the characters, though necessarily little more than outlines, are firmly and skilfully drawn. In this respect they resemble the illustrations, which are quite remarkable for their grace and fancy, for their grotesque humour and refinement. The conclusion is perhaps the most admirable part of this charming volume. Olga is lovable throughout, but never so lovable as when she

selects her wish: what that wish was we hope numerous readers will discover for themselves.

Pinks and Cherries. By C. M. Ross. (Glasgow: MacLehose.) It is quite a treat, after the numberless more or less clever imitations of old fairy tales which do duty for "original" Christmas stories, with their foolish fancies and feeble facetiousness, to come upon a genuine little book of which the characters are flesh and blood, the descriptions drawn from nature, and the humour and pathos sincere. Nor will those who prefer their literary food flavoured with romance, and touched with the perfume of a strange land, be altogether disappointed with these Norwegian stories, although they seem so true; for they bring with them a breeze from the Baltic, and tell of the lives and fortunes of men and women like, but not quite like, ourselves. English boys, and men too, will be glad to know what Norwegian school life is like, and will be able to appreciate the gallant game of "Vikings." But some of the stories touch deeper chords, as that of "The Two Sisters," or the last and finest in the book, called "North Wind," a fine picture of heroic bravery which stirs the blood.

The Wizard King. By David Ker. (Chambers.) It has never been our good fortune to read a better book for boys than this story of the last Moslem invasion of Europe. About Gustavus Adolphus, the other warrior king of the earlier part of the same century, opinions still widely differ; but about John Sobieski, who wore Poland's crown of thorns, and whom the Turks dubbed the Wizard King, there seems a consensus of opinion that he was both brave and good. When the news reached Rome that Vienna had been saved, Pope Innocent expressed the universal feeling of Christian Europe in exclaiming, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." John Sobieski saved not only Austria, but Europe and her civilisation. Judged by his military exploits alone, by his victories over countless numbers at Choczim and Lemberg, it is questionable whether he did not better deserve a place among Napoleon's six famous generals than did the Lion of the North. But John Sobieski was something greater and rarer than an expert strategist. He was a deeply religious man, who used his abilities and his time solely as a trust for the use of which he would have to account to the King of Kings. It is not creditable to our system of education that a boy should be intimate with Alcibiades and Catiline, and know little of Peter the Great, and nothing of John Sobieski. This book fills up what is a blank in the mind of even a Macaulay school-boy. We commend it as an admirable sketch of the history of Central Europe at a critical period; but none the less it is a story, and a thrilling one to boot. There is not a dull chapter in the book, nor one that the reader, young or old, would willingly skip.

Under the Lone Star. By Mr. Herbert Hayens. (Nelsons.) The author of this book has scored a very considerable success. He deals with the historic filibustering expedition of that most extraordinary of modern American adventurers, Colonel Walker; and, beyond all question, he makes a living personality out of him, which is more than can be said of any other writer who has dealt with this strange period. The narrator of the story, a young man who befriends Walker at a very critical moment, does his work admirably. He has made a lively story, and has introduced into it with success, not only several historical personages and incidents, but at least one nobler character in a humble rank of life, Phil Trevethick, who in the end dies for his friend Colin Foster. The desperate fights

which took place between Walker's friends, the would-be "constitutional" party in Nicaragua, and, on the one side, their local opponents the Seviles, and, on the other, their neighbours the Costa Ricans, give occasion for really fine passages of picturesque description. The opponents of Walker are among the people who have called him in to "save" them; the savage Guardiola and the subtler Corral may be singled out for special praise on account of the vivid manner in which they are portrayed. Altogether, *Under the Lone Star* is a very good book, and an augury of Mr. Hayens's success as a writer of historical fiction in the future.

Under the Black Eagle. By A. Hilliard. (Blackie.) This is the story of a single year in the life of an English boy. Ernest Wentworth is the son of an Englishman, a professor in a Russian university. He is only fifteen years of age when Gregorieff, a class-mate, gets him into trouble with the police by asking him to carry a letter which proves to be a Nihilist despatch. Ernest is arrested and sentenced with Gregorieff and others to be exiled to Siberia as having been engaged in a conspiracy to overthrow the government. The prisoners travel by train to Nijni, and thence, via Perm, to Ekaterinburg. Here their march began until Zinmen was reached, and they were transferred to barges on the Irtysh River. Gregorieff very cleverly arranges the escape of Ernest and himself from this floating prison; and then begin adventures of a different character, until, by the help of Russian outlaws, friendly Kirghiz, and a kind merchant of Meshed, the two lads cross the Pamirs and reach the frontier of India. Gregorieff and Ernest bear their privations and sufferings in a manly, uncomplaining fashion, and cannot fail to win the sympathy of their youthful readers.

The Young Ranchers; or, Fighting the Sioux. By E. S. Ellis. (Cassells.) Boys who love tales of adventure—and where is to be found a boy who does not?—will read with bated breath of the adventures through which the Starr family—father and mother, son and daughter—together with a young Irishman, Tim Brophy by name, passed in journeying to Fort Meade from their ranch, which was threatened by Indians. They were in constant danger, and the courage and skill displayed by the men when engaged in fight with the wily warriors is told with great gusto. The story is somewhat highly coloured, but in books of this kind one expects a little romancing. The reciprocal affection of the poor dog Bruno, mortally wounded by the Sioux, and his master, also the thoughtfulness shown by the two lads towards their ponies, are pleasing features of the book. Many young folk are apt to forget that animals deserve and appreciate kind treatment. The illustrations add to the attractiveness of the volume.

In Taunton Town. By E. Everett-Green. (Nelsons.) Monmouth's rebellion has quite recently formed the subject of a popular historical novel, and its treatment by Lord Macaulay—not yet forgotten—is as remote as possible from the "dry as dust" style. It is therefore a little bold on the part of Mrs. Everett-Green to make it the basis of her new tale of English history. But the audience she specially addresses is a distinct one, and she knows how to interest it. The story is put into the lips of one Richard Snowe, a West Country farmer's son and nephew of John Snowe, landlord of the Three Cups in Taunton town. He was a youth of parts, delighting in "the immortal dramas of the great bard William Shakspeare, and that marvellous conception of Mr. John Milton, 'Paradise Lost.'" Of course, like most of his neighbours, he hated the Duke of York, and

fell under the fascination which Monmouth exercised. He took his full share in the stirring events of which Somerset was the scene, and joined in the cheers when Prince James, Duke of Monmouth, was proclaimed King at Taunton on the twentieth day of June, 1685. Then, "as every schoolboy knows," followed disaster after disaster, culminating in the fatal fight at Sedgemoor, the bloody doings of Kirke and his lambs, and the vengeance exacted by Judge Jeffreys. These, of course, are capital materials for a story, and Mrs. Everett-Green has used them to good purpose. She knows the details which help to make history entertaining, and is well acquainted with the country in which these stirring events occurred. All her readers will be grateful to her for following the career of Jeffreys to its miserable end, and thus doing justice to the unjust judge.

The Fur-Seal's Tooth. By Kirk Munroe. (Edward Arnold.) Old boys who, half a century ago, revelled in hunting adventures through the Hudson Bay Territory will be as pleased as modern boys with these delightful stories of seal-hunting in the Pribyloffs and salmon-catching in the rivers of Alaska. The book is well illustrated with a map, and is as full of information as it is of thrilling escapes. *The Fur-Seal's Tooth* can be unreservedly commended.

Hunters Three. By T. W. Knox. (Edward Arnold.) The adventures of these hunters among the big game of Africa are cleverly told, and enable the author to add a good deal of information concerning the habits of the African elephant, the lion, and the buffalo. Two ladies with a hunting camp of their own are introduced, who all but pay dearly for their temerity. There is, perhaps, a little too much shooting in the book. The illustrations (by Carey) are excellent.

Hallow'een Ahoy! or Lost on the Crozet Islands. By H. St. Leger. (Blackie.) Mr. St. Leger has put together one of the best stories of seafaring life and adventure which have appeared this season. It contains a capital "foc's'le" ghost and a thrilling shipwreck. No boy who begins it but will wish to join the *Britannia* long before he finishes these delightful pages.

The King's Recruits. By Sarah M. S. Clarke. (Nisbet.) This is a translation and adaptation from the German of Dr. Hanns von Zobeltitz. It is a story of military life in Prussia during the childish years and early manhood of Frederick the Great. We can congratulate Mrs. Pereira (S. M. S. Clarke) on the way she has performed her task, but not on the choice of her hero. We are quite prepared to admit that Frederick William I. played his part in the political evolution of Prussia into Germany, but we object to him entirely as a fitting object for an English boy's hero worship. To give but one instance of his justice, so-called. The court-martial that sat on the Crown Prince condemned him to death and Katte to imprisonment for life. Would the King ratify the sentence or show mercy to both?

"In the long sleepless nights his servants could hear the King wrestling with himself and imploring the Almighty, with passionate cries, to send him light in the dark confusion of the agonised struggle. And slowly and gradually he fought through to a right judgment in the matter."

The "right judgment" was a reversal of the sentence of the court-martial—to wit, imprisonment for the Crown Prince and death for poor Katte. As Mrs. Pereira lays claim to have translated this story for the education of our boys, we feel compelled to protest against cruel and high-handed acts being lightly dismissed as the peculiarities of an honest but eccentric sovereign. Such criticism may still

be heard in courtly circles in Berlin, but it will net pass in the purer atmosphere of an English school.

Fifteen Hundred Miles an Hour. Edited by Charles Dixon. (Bliss, Sands & Foster.) Unless even the boyish section of the public have become tired of impossible adventure of the kind of which M. Jules Verne is still first master, this voyage to Mars, with its pseudo science, its marvellous adventures, and its inevitable love-story, will be thoroughly appreciated. The love-making is, perhaps, a trifle too ornate. It is improbable that a son of Earth would address even a daughter of Rumbos thus:

"Iolmè, Iolmè, the maidens of that Earth star there, glimmering serenely far in the evening sky, are good and pure and with no mean measure of beauty—even, Iolmè, as you are good, and as you are pure; but such beauty as yours is unknown amongst them."

As a rule, however, Temple, who addresses a "Martial" maiden thus, conducts himself in the essentially sane fashion of most heroes of boys' books. In other words, *Fifteen Hundred Miles an Hour* is well sprinkled with adventures in air, and—if one must not say on earth—in addition, it is written in an ambitious style, which attains a certain measure of success.

A Knight of the Air. By Henry Coxwell. (Digby, Long & Co.) This is a vigorous, wildly improbable, and thoroughly enjoyable attempt to combine rivalry in love with rivalry in aeronautics. Harry Goodall and Tom Nigger, who are the Don Quixote and Sancho Panza of the air, find themselves perpetually pursued and thwarted at almost every turn by Filcher Falcon—a thief, coward, swindling financier, would-be murderer, as bad, in fact, as Mr. Coxwell "can make them"—and his Sancho Panza, a creature named Crofts. But bravery and goodness and a Captain Luck, who is as like one of the bad men of the book as he can be, carry Goodall and Nigger through all their troubles into the safe haven of matrimony, and presumably firm settlement on earth. This book is full of bustle and activity of all kinds, and it is literally true that there is not a dull page from beginning to end.

The Making of the Empire: The Story of Our Colonies. By Arthur Temple. (Andrew Melrose.) In this volume the author traces the steps by which the England of four hundred years ago grew into Greater Britain. Though there were "dark blots and foolish blunderings," the story is one of which Englishmen may be proud. The chapters are often exciting: as, for instance, where we read of the daring exploits of Clive in India, or of Wolfe at the taking of Quebec. But there is something more than the record of daring deeds. In the history of Borneo, British Guiana, Bermuda, and the West Indies, it is shown how England, by encouraging trade and making profitable use of the inexhaustible sources of wealth, has consolidated, or is still consolidating, those portions of her empire. To review this book fully we should have to make, as it were, a tour of the globe. We will, however, leave young folk, for whom it is specially intended, to make the tour themselves, under the guidance of the author. There are some attractive illustrations, and an excellent "Time Table" of events and dates, from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century.

Fifty-two Stories of Life and Adventure for Girls. (Hutchinson.) This is a reissue of short stories by well-known English and American writers which have already appeared elsewhere. Miss Sarah Doudney contributes a pretty story, entitled "Belle's Bonnet." Among the tales of adventure the short ones by Paul Hull, David Ker and Frank Kauffer, as well as Miss Lucy Farmer's, can be recom-

mended. The book concludes with six excerpts from Hawthorne's *Twice Told Tales*.

Fifty-two Stories of Life and Adventure for Boys. (Hutchinson.) The editor (Mr. Alfred H. Miles) tells us that this is his seventh volume of "Fifty-two Stories for Boys." This, too, is a collection of stories that have appeared in *Harper's Young People*, *The Youth's Companion*, and other papers. American journalism is richer in children's stories than our own, and there are probably more children's books published in the United States than in England. The schoolboy will find here stories by G. A. Henty and Manville Fenn, who are as much read on one side of the Atlantic as the other. Albert E. Hooper's story, in which the clock on the stairs tells a tale of the Mutiny, is excellent; and the "Bravest Deed I ever Saw," by Brigadier-General John Gibbon, and "The Turkish Orphan," by John Carne, may also be specially commended.

My Honey. By the Author of "Tipcat," &c. (Innes.) A very pretty story, very well told, the strength of which lies in the character of Hetty, a wilful girl brought up in fast society, who is suddenly introduced into a quiet old country rectory, inhabited only by a quiet old rector and his servants. But she is really a good girl; and her rebellious spirit is quelled at last by the long-suffering love of the old man, though not before she has nearly killed him by her apparent intractability, and some escapades which make her seem much worse than she is. The weakness of the story is in its plot. It is scarcely credible that Hugh should have "planted" this girl upon his father during his absence from home, or that he should have thought he was bound to marry her when he came back. However, he comes to love her at last; and so does the reader, which is of still more importance.

The Lady's Manor. By Emma Marshall. (Nisbet.) This is an excellent tale for girls, by that practical writer, Miss Marshall. The book contains a great variety of female types. We have Enid, the heroine; and Christine, the simple-minded heroine-worshipper; and Myrtle, a charming but somewhat wayward young lady; and Claudia, the censorious; and Miss Browne, the wise and clever governess. The author makes out her purpose well, that "no success in any branch of art, whether in literature, or painting, or music, can take the place of the grace of self-forgetfulness and modesty."

Master Magnus. By Miss E. M. Field. (Edward Arnold.) In the days of our own childhood, forty years ago, this book would have been a revelation. Everything then was highly coloured and exaggerated. The neutral tint was unknown in fiction. This story, with its dainty illustrations of Magnus and Polly, appeals as much to the older as to the younger reader. Its letterpress and pictures are both charming.

His Choice and Hers. By Evelyn Everett-Green and H. Louisa Bedford. (S. P. C. K.) The first thing about this volume that attracts notice is its binding. Two scenes, as widely different as it is possible to imagine, are there depicted. We gather from them that the tale enclosed between the covers is a tale of contrasts. And so in some sort it is. Cyril Benson, the hero, known at school as "the beautiful Miss Benson," becomes a crusader in the slums of East London, and devotes his great physical and mental endowments to doing battle with vice and misery as the ascetic incumbent of St. Chad's. He dies, however, not of hard work, but of a broken heart, though the heroine, Sylvia O'Connor, must be acquitted of all malice in the matter. The story is essentially modern, and told in a bright and interesting way: "modern" being

understood in its ordinary sense, and not as implying a doubtful morality.

The Snow Garden. By Elizabeth Wordsworth. (Longmans.) We quite agree with Miss Wordsworth that there is something to be learnt in fairyland as well as in lesson-books. The authoress of these fascinating fairy stories says truly that children who cannot learn when at play will not learn to very much purpose when they are at work. We do not envy the parents of a child who would not feel attracted by the unselfishness of Myra and Astolfo, and insensibly try and imitate them.

"The child whose love is true, at least doth reap
One precious gain, that he forgets himself."

So wrote William Wordsworth, and these stories instil into a child's heart the blessed act of self-forgetfulness. The book is well got up, and Trevor Haddon's illustrations are on a level with the letterpress.

The Rightful Daughter. By Maude M. Butler. (Jarrold.) Lady Grace Erskine accompanies her husband to Italy, leaving her infant daughter behind her in England. Sir Edward Erskine dies abroad, and Lady Grace does not return to England before she has married Mr. Hargreaves. The baby who was then brought to them passes for her daughter, until a letter comes from America alleged to be the dying confession of Jane Blatch, the nurse, confessing that she had changed the children, and that the girl who had grown up as Lady Grace Hargreaves' daughter was not hers. Those who read this story learn which of the two girls is the rightful daughter, and the interest of the tale is by no means lessened by its grave and religious tone.

Katherine's Keys. By Sarah Doudney. (Nisbet.) This is an excellent tale for girls. Katherine, the vicar's daughter, is a charming character and her friend Helen a noble woman. "My child," said Helen, "you must have patience with God. When He shuts the door He always keeps the key. It may not be given to you yet, but some day He will put it into your hand, and then you will unlock the door for yourself." How Katherine unlocks the door is well told by Miss Doudney. The book can be recommended.

Roscorla Farm. By Mrs. Henry Clark, M.A. Illustrated by W. H. Overend. (S.P.C.K.) A very interesting and well-written story of Cornish life. Mr. Overend is not at his best in the illustrations; and we are sorry to see the S.P.C.K. guilty of the objectionable practice of issuing a book without any indication of the date of publication.

Dr. Gilbert's Daughters. By M. H. Matthews. (Edward Arnold.) This is a story of two American girls living in New Hampshire. Their names are Mary and Faith—shortened into May and Fay—and they both display very remarkable powers of conversation and composition. It is entitled a "Story for Girls," and we presume that the authoress knows what girls like, and in what form. The illustrations are effective, the incidents varied, and the tone is healthy; but on this side of the Atlantic such talkers as the twins are not easily found.

The Household of Sir Thomas More. With an Introduction by the Rev. W. H. Hutton, B.D. (Nimmo.) This reprint of a little book which some thirty-five years ago attained deserved popularity is very welcome. We can remember that when it first appeared many readers were in doubt whether it was not in very deed the diary of the great Chancellor's favourite daughter. The authoress had made herself so conversant with the spirit of the times—not to say with its language and manners—that a public which had not learned to be critical in such matters almost accepted it as genuine. Nowadays its success would

rather be due to a recognition of the writer's skill, industry, and excellent taste; and these are made conspicuous in the new edition by Mr. Hutton's prefatory remarks. He tells us all that can be told about the authoress: namely, that she was an unmarried sister of Mr. William Oke Manning, that the success of her first book, *Mary Powell*, encouraged her to pursue her historical studies and give them to the world in a particular form, and that it was by her own choice that she remained almost unknown. Mr. Hutton's introduction is not the only special feature in this reprint. It is illustrated cleverly and prettily, and tastefully bound, so as to make an attractive gift book.

The Silver Fairy Book. With Illustrations by H. R. Millar. (Hutchinson.) This is a series of fairy tales selected from the literature of many countries. It begins with a striking "Christmas Story," by Sarah Bernhardt, and concludes with "The Vizier and the Fly," by Louis de Gramont. From Germany we have "The Iron Casket," from Spain "The Birdcage Maker," Germany, Scandinavia, and Servia also supply material for a volume of considerable variety and charm. Although the material is not new to the world, it will be new to most young readers, and it has the advantage of having been tried and not found wanting. Few gift books of the season can be so safely recommended, and the illustrations by H. R. Millar are of unusual merit.

Katawampus, its Treatment and Cure. By His Honour Judge Edward Abbott Parry. Illustrated by Archie Macgregor. (David Nutt.) We thought that *Katawampus* was spelt with a C, and was a fearful wild animal that "chawes up" most things. After reading this book we find it is a disease which can be cured by Crab, the Cave-man. We have no doubt that the children of the author to whom the book is dedicated thought it very funny and clever, but we fear that so high an opinion of its merit will not spread very far beyond their domestic circle. It is certainly clever, and funny also, and the illustrations are not bad; but the funniness is rather laboured and tiresome, as of a second-rate "Lewis Carroll."

Carl Winter's Dream. By Paul Büttmann. (Elliot Stock.) There is a great deal of invention in this elaborate series of adventures and enchantments, but they do not convince us nevertheless. The book belongs distinctly to the "eclectic" school. We have giants and witches and wizards, and King Frogs and evil spirits in the shape of kangaroos; and the scene varies from the land of magic to the caravan of a travelling showman with a "Dwarf" and "Fat Lady." It is hard to digest, but it is not disagreeable "eating"; and we have no doubt that it will find many a fine young appetite which will devour it from cover to cover.

My Own Fairy Book. By Andrew Lang. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.) The editor of so many "coloured" fairy-books has here collected into a single volume the three fairy stories which in past times he "wrote out of his own head." If we are not mistaken, the illustrations have also appeared before. Not that either text or pictures are the worse on that account; only we should have expected some hint of the fact in a preface of six pages. Mr. Lang cannot expect to deceive the collector of his own first editions. The two princes, Prigio and Ricardo, admirably represent the denizens of literary fairyland, while the third story has the more realistic touch of Border-folk lore.

Fairy Tales Far and Near. Retold by Q. with Illustrations by H. R. Millar. (Cassells.) We are always glad to see old favourites, even if they are so very old as "Blue Beard" and "The Goosegirl." We do not know whether

they have gained much in the "retelling"; but Mr. Quilter Couch's versions are very good, and so are Mr. Millar's illustrations.

The Wallypug of Why. By G. E. Farrow, with Illustrations by Harry and Dorothy Furniss. (Hutchinson.) This is one of the innumerable progeny of *Alice in Wonderland*, while the verses remind one of the "Bab Ballads" as well. It is quite as inconsequent and absurd as those delightful books, but it misses their charm. Nor can we say much for Mr. Harry Furniss's illustrations, but the text was enough to depress even him. The most interesting are the "vignettes" by Dorothy Furniss, his daughter, "who is only fifteen years old," as we are told in the preface. They are graceful and spirited, and show not a little promise.

A.B.C.: an Alphabet. Written and pictured by Mrs. Arthur Gaskin. (Elkin Mathews.) This charming and dainty little volume will please most mothers, if not most children. The cuts are very clever, effective as decorations, and full of the innocent humour and sweetness of childhood. Some of them are quite beautiful in their simple way; and the verses, if too intentionally "doggerel," are in keeping with the pictures, whose pretty affectation of artlessness will deceive nobody. The volume is produced with excellent taste, and the binding is perfect in its way. Children would prefer the cuts coloured; and so should we, if the colouring were well done.

The Shuttle of Fate. By Caroline Masters. (Frederick Warne.) This, which is apparently the work of a young writer, can be recommended. It is a tale of Lancashire life. Barbara Cronshaw lives with her uncle, Stephen Cronshaw, a mill-owner, and passes for his niece. Walking through the village when a strike is in preparation, she hears one of the mill-hands say: "Eh! an' who knows at hoo is a manufacturer's lass after all's said and done? Happen hoo's nobbut like one o' us a'ter all!" Barbara goes home to Uncle Stephen and asks him, "Who am I?" It is not the habit of Uncle Stephen—"Owd Never-no-more"—to answer inconvenient questions; but Barbara gets her answer at the close of the book. The description of the cottage home—the home of the Ashworths—is (for a Christmas book) of quite unusual excellence. The illustrations, too, deserve a word of praise.

My Dog Plato. By M. H. Cornwall Legh. (Edward Arnold.) This is the autobiography of a golden collie. We quite admit that Plato must have been "worth his weight in gold," but we wish he were not quite so conscious of it. Great allowance is, however, to be made for spoiled dogs as for spoiled children; for are they not so habitually hearing that they are "remarkably clever, and thoroughly gentle, and perfectly obedient"? But Plato has a sense of humour and is not an utter prig.

Charity. By M. E. Fowler. (S. P. C. K.) The old society has found out of late years that it cannot ignore the primal facts of human nature. Among the love stories, therefore, which it has put forth, few prettier and more tender have been printed than this, which deals with two sisters in lowly station. Thanks to modern schools they are not painted in utter contrast with the condition of things in real life. The whole story ought to bring something of a chivalrous feeling for womanhood into working communities where, it may be feared, it is too rare. Miss Fowler's dialogues are bright and to the point.

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